6.

Looke to it: FOR, Ile Stabbe ye.

By S.R.

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THere is a Humour vſ'd of late,
By eue'ry Raſcall ſwagg'ring mate,
To giue the Stabbe: Ile Stabbe (ſayes hee)
Him that dares take the wall of me.
If you to pledge a health denie,
Out comes his Poniard; there you lie.
If his Tabacco you diſpraiſe,
He ſweares, a Stabbe shal end your daies.
If you demaund the Debt he owes,
Into your guts his Dagger goes.
Death ſeeing this, doth take his Dart,
and he performes the Stabbing part.
he ſpareth none, be who it will:
his liſence is the World to kill.

 S. R.

Deaths great and generall Challenge.

I Do defie the World and all therein,
My challenge at the Scepter doth begin:
Downe to the Plough Swaine, come who dare in place,
Set foote to mine, and looke me in the face.
My flesh and fat, doth make no burlie show,
A raw-bone fellow, all the World doth know.
To deale at sundry Weapons, I refuse,
As Fencers (when they play their prizes) vse:
Of Sword and Dagger I haue little skill,
Rapier I neuer wore, nor neuer will.
My sight is very bad to haue about,
For I'le assure you both mine Eyes be out.
But at the Irish Dart I meate deale:
Who'e Hart I hit, I neuer knew Surgeon heale.
My Horse is pale, well pac'd; I neuer shoo him,
Saint Georges Gelding was a made vnto him,
I would ride often, when I goe on foot,
But there's no Shoo-maker can fit me a Boote.

Deaths Prologue to his Tragicall Stabbe.

TO no degree or faculrie, I do intende offence;
Al those I threaten heere to stab, & send the wretches hence
Are such, as tremble when they heare, what fatall Stab I giue,
For though I kill both good and bad, all creatures that do liue,
The good are neuer terrified with any power I haue:
I open them Doore of life, the cheefest thing they crane.
But to the wicked graceless sort, most fearefull appeare,
Because I sende them to a place, doth passe all torments heere.
To thē the name of Death seems Death, Oh it is a fearful sound
For of the hope of life to come, they want assured ground,
From this bad World vnto a worse, I send them forth to dwell
I am the Iaylor, leading them vnto the vault of Hell.
Good newes vnto the good I bring: but to the wicked, euill:
Because I send the one to God, the other to the Deuill.
Such as feare God, they feare not me, but bid me do my worst
If any finde himselfe agreeu'd, he stabbe that fellow first.

Tyrant Kinges.

YOu high Imperious crowne-contending Kings,
Who for Earth's glory (not *Religions* good)
Turne humane bodies into bloudy ſprings,
And die the ground with ſlaughtred chriſtians blood
That for the gayning of an earthly Crowne,
Will toſſe a ſpatious Kingdome vpſide downe.

You that deuorce the huſbands from their wiues,
By fatall warre, the endleſſe foe to peace:
you that denye poore new-borne Babes their liues,
and will not graunt ſweet life an howers leaſe:
That care not how, or by what meanes you raigne,
So you the golden Crowne and Scepter gaine.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Wicked

VVicked Magiſtrates.

NObles and Iudges, mightie men on Earth,
That careleſſe caſt the ſword of Iuſtice by:
And let your pleaſures ſurfeit in their myrth,
Not lending poore mens Plaints, eare, hand, nor eye:
Suff'ring the Iuſt vniuſtly be oppreſt,
When the oppreſſor liues at eaſe and reſt.

Forgetting God, whom you ſhould repreſent,
In all the actions of your publique place:
Yeelding the world your hartes, with full conſent,
To gather *Mammon*, hoording wealth apace.
You that nere thinke your ſelues muſt once appeere
To giue account how you haue Iudged heere:

Ile Stabbe yee.

Curious

Curious Diuines.

D*iuines*, that are together by the eares,
Puft vp, high-minded, ſeedes-men of diſſention,
Striuing vntill *Chriſtes* ſeame-leſſe garments teares,
Making the Scriptures follow your inuention,
Neglecting that, whereon the ſoule ſhould feede:
Imployde in that, whereof ſoules haue no neede.

Curious in thinges you neede not ſtir about,
Such as concerne not matter of ſaluation:
Giuing offence to them that are without:
Vpon whoſe weaknes you ſhould haue compaſſion,
Cauſing the good to grieue, the bad reioyce;
Yet you with *Martha*, make the worſer choyce.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Couetous Lawyers.

L*Awyers* that wreſt the Law to your affection,
To fauour, or diſfauour, as you pleaſe:
And keepe your Clyants purſes in ſubiection,
Till ſome doe get *Peirce penryleſſe* diſeaſe:
Nor caring how their cauſe do ſtand or fall,
So you your ſelues get golde to riſe withall.

That whyle you deale with Angels, ſerue the Deuill,
Becauſe you baniſh Conſcience out of towne,
Couetouſneſſe, you knowe's a damned euill;
And yet you wrap it with you in your Gowne.
You that with if's with and's, demurrs, delayes,
Bring Cauſes in conſumptions and decayes.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Vp-

Vp-ſtart Courtier.

C*Ourtier*, whoſe hart with pride, ſo mighty growes,
thou wilt not to thy Father moue thy Hat,
becauſe he weares a paire of ruſſet Hoſe,
Thy Veluet Breeches looke awry at that:
Nay, ere he ſhall diſgrace thee, thou wilt rather
Sweare by the Lord, that he is not thy Father.

You that deny the ſtocke from whence you came,
thruſting your ſelfe into ſome Gentle kin,
you that will giue your ſelfe an other name,
Which muſt not from an old Thatcht-houſe begin,
you that will haue an Armes ſhall grace you too,
Though your poore Father cobled many a Shoo.

Ile Stabbe yee.

VVealthye Cittizens.

YOu Cittizens that are of *Diues* wealth,
His coſtly cloathing, and his daintie fare,
Regarding nothing but ſelfe-eaſe and health:
How euer *Lazarus* lyes poore and bare:
your Dogges are not ſo kinde to licke their ſores,
But rather ſerue to bite them from your dores.

You that do make your Tables Poulters ſtalles,
Great prouocation to the ſinfull fleſh:
And though the famiſh'd, hunger-ſtarued calles
For Ieſus ſake, with Crummes our wantes refreſh:
Your Diſhes haue the food for which they cry:
You play with that, for which they pine and die.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Greedy

Greedy Vſurer.

THou Fur-gown'd ſlaue, exceeding rich and olde
Ready to be deuowred of the Graue:
Thou that wilt ſell a ſoule, to purchaſe Gold,
And gold, ſtill gold, nothing but golde doſt craue:
Thou moſt extreame hard-harted cruell wretch,
Whome Hell gapes for; the Deuill comes to fetch.

Thou that wilt not forbeare an howers time,
But wilt a forfayture ſeuerely take:
Thou that by crueltie to wealth doſt clyme,
And threatneſt Dice of poore mens bones to make,
Hauing that ruſtie gold vpon thy hand,
For which, there's thouſandes periſh in the land.

Ile ſtabbe yee.

Curſed Swearers.

THou that doſt take Gods holy name in vaine,
Which is of wondrous feare and reuerence,
Thou that reprou'd, wilt vtter Oathes againe,
To grieue him, that admoniſh'd thy offence.
Thou that wilt ſay, He that's agreeu'd with ſwearing,
May ſtop his eares or get him out of hearing.

Thou that wilt ſweare a truth, not to be ſo,
And ſweare that which is falſe, to be moſt trew,
Thou that wilt vow moſt abſolute to know,
That which thy conſcience knowes thou neuer knew.
Thou that wilt ſweare, thou car'eſt not what thou ſweareſt
becauſe the deuil and thy tongue are neareſt. (

Ile ſtabbe yee.

Phiſition

Phiſitions of the *Quackſaluers crew.*

DOctor, or rather Dunce, that purge with Pill,
Vntill that ſiluer haue a cleane Purgation:
You Artleſſe Buſſard, that abuſe the skill,
Of Learned men, deſeruing reputation.
You that had neuer Doctorſhip in Schooles,
But got your grace from women or from Fooles.

You baſe Quackſaluer in a Common wealth.
That practize Phiſicke out of olde wiues tales,
you that can make them ſicke which haue their health
And learne by Almanackes, to pare your Nayles.
You that can tell what ſigne is beſt affected
To picke ones Teeth, or haue his Beard corrected.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Gentlemen of
baſe broode.

GAllant that takes the Altitudes on hie,
and like a Fawk'ners Hawke do hood your wife,
Giuing thoſe golden Angels leaue to flye,
your Father kept cloſe priſoners all his life:
you that are Sonne to him that held the Plow,
Transform'd by Gold, into a Gentle now.

You that are Faſhions ſpie, and Humors Ape,
A ſilken Aſſe, a very Veluet Clowne:
A perfect Gull, that lets no Faſhions ſcape,
To ſwagger it in *London*, vp and downe,
you that within a ſuite of Cyuit dwell,
And Garlike was your Fathers onely ſmell.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Coun-

Counterfayte

Captaine.

YOu Captine mouſe-trap, growne a deſperat ſtabber
You that will put your Poniard in mens guts:
You that laſt Voyage, were no more but ſwabber,
Yet you cracke Blades as men cracke Haſel-nuts,
You that try all your manhood with a Puncke,
And fight moſt brauely when you are moſt drunke:

You that proteſt the Feather in your Hat,
came from a Counteſſe Fanne by way of fauour:
Your Rapier, why the great Turke gaue you that
For mightie monſtrous *Marſhal-like* behauiour,
You that weare Scarfs and Gart'rings for your hoſe,
Made all of Ancients, taken from your foes.

Ile Stab yee.

Diſſembling Souldier

YOu Sirha, that vſurpe a *Souldiers* name,
Vaunting your ſelfe a Thunder-bolt of Warres,
Vowing that euery ioyne you haue is lame,
By piercing Bullets, bloudy woundes, and ſcarres:
You that ſome hundred men at once withſtood,
And fought moſt brauely to the knees in blood.

You that haue ſlaine more men by breake of day,
Then could haue graues digg'd for them in a weeke,
You that haue made your foes to run away,
Starke naked, when their breeches were to ſeeke:
You that haue compaſſ'd all the earth's globe round,
Yet neuer trod a ſtep from *Engliſh* ground,

Ile Stab yee.

Vnkinde

Vnkinde Parents.

PArentes, which ſo vnnaturall are growne,
That for your Children you will not prouide
Becomming ſo obdurate to your owne,
With hardned heartes you can them not abide,
But to a ſtranger will extend more good,
then to the ofspring of your blood.

You that in rage and fury, moſt vnkinde,
Will vtter Curſes where you ought to bleſſe:
For which God often yeeldeth to your minde,
and ſayes Amen, to wiſhed ill ſucceſſe.
You that from all humanitie haue ceaſt,
Man-like in ſhape, in manners but a beaſt.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Diſobedient *Children.*

CHildren that moſt vndutifull doe liue,
Forgetting what the Law of God commaundes:
You that no reuerence to your parents giue,
But follow that which with your fancie ſtands,
That onely like the Prodigall, will ſpend,
But come not home (as he did) to amend.

You that propound your ſelues vnthriftie wayes,
And will not vnto ſound aduiſe conſent:
you that doe runne like Follies witles ſtrayes,
Vntill ſome priſon teach you to repent:
you that liue as you pleaſe, do what you liſt,
and admonition vtterly reſiſt.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Drum-

Drunkard.

YOu filthy ſlaues, whom I do often ſee,
ſleeping in Tauerns on the benches drunke:
That will haue full carowſes come to thee,
Till with the liquors lading thou art ſunke.
Then fill vs Boy one quart of *Charnico*,
To drinke a health to *Dicke* before we goe,

You that will drinke *Reynaldo* vnto death:
The *Dane*, that would carowſe out of his Boote,
and quaffe an hundred *Flemings* out of breath,
Laying as many *French-men* vnder foote:
you that no other courſe obſerue and keepe,
But either drinking, drunke, or elſe a ſleepe.

Ile Stabbe you.

Periurers.

VIllaine, that runn'ſt the ready way to Hell,
and neuer art at home, till thou com'ſt there,
Baſe ſlaue, that for baſe Bribes thy ſoule wilt ſell,
And any thing wilt vndertake to ſweare.
Thou careſt not for God, nor mans law feares,
Vntill the Pillorie bite off both thine eares.

Thou that doſt make thy tongue a *Serpents* ſting,
To wound and hurt the Innocent withall:
Thou that confuſion to thy ſelfe doſt bring,
And wilfull wilt into perdition fall:
Thou that art knowne amongſt the beſt and moſt,
and Officer of Hell, Knight of the Poſt.

Ile Stabbe yon

God.

God-leſſe Athiſts.

THou damned *Athiſt*, thou incarnate Deuill,
That doeſt deny his power which did create thee:
a Villaine apt for euery kinde of euill,
And all the eyes in heauen and earth do hate thee.
That mak'ſt account when thou ſhalt breathleſſe lie,
Thy ſoule and bodie like a beaſt do die.

That *Pharoa* like dar'ſt aske what fellow's God?
Eſteeming ſacred *Scriptures*, to be vaine:
And that the dead in earth ſhall make abode,
and neuer riſe from out their graues againe:
That ſay'ſt, eate, drinke, be merrie, take delight:
Swagger out day, and Reuell all the night.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Miſera-

A Miſerable Marchant

MArchant, that doeſt endeuour all thy daies,
To get commodities for priuate gaine:
Caring no whit by what ſyniſter wayes,
Nor by what hazard, trauell, royle, or paine:
Neuer reſpecting other mens hard croſſes,
So thou mayſt ſell deerepen-worths by their loſſes.

Thou that doeſt couet all in thine owne hand,
and for another let him ſincke or ſwim:
Thou that haſt bleſſinges both by Sea and Land,
Giuen by God, yet neuer thankeſt him:
thou that with carefull nights doeſt breake thy ſleepe;
to gather wealth, which long thou canſt not keepe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Deceit-

Deceitfull Artificers.

ARtificers, and Crafts-men of all trades,
That deale by craft in selling and in bying:
You that with falshood often times perswades
Men to giue credite to vntrueth and lying:
That care not, so your ware content the eye,
Though your owne Father be deceiu'd thereby.

You that protest to vse a man most kind,
And serue him that, shall well be worth his mony,
When he that tryes you, shall be sure to finde
The deedes proue Gall, & words containe the Hony.
You that are out-side goodly protestations,
But all the in-side false dissimulations.

Ile Stabbe yee.

VVretched
Husband-man.

YOu Husband-men that heape & hord vp Corne,
And neuer laugh, but when it waxeth deere:
You whom the poore do wish had nere bin borne,
Because you famish and vn-lo them heere,
You that an *Almanacke* still beare about,
To search and finde the rainy weather out,

You that at plentie euermore repine,
And hang your selues for griefe, to see the same.
You that will weepe when as the Sunne doth shine,
And sigh to heare but of faire-weathers name.
You that for nothing but deare yeeres do pray,
To Gentleman your Sonnes, another day.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Swag.

Swaggring Ruffian.

YOu Swagg'rer, with your Hat without a band,
Your head beſhagg'd with nittie lowſie lockes,
You that vpon *Tabacco* vertue ſtand,
Your only ſouereigne Medcine for the Pockes
You that weare Bootes, and Ginglers at your heeles,
Yet wot you ride, your coatch hath but two wheeles.

You that will meete one by the high-way ſide,
And ſweare Gods woundes, Deliuer me thy purſe,
You that for Bawdy houſes do prouide,
Though many honeſt true men ſpeed the worſe.
You that will couſen, cheat, robbe, kill, and ſteale,
Till for your cloathes, Hangman and Broker deale.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Proud Gentlewomen.

YOu Gentle-puppets of the proudeſt ſize,
That are like Horſes, troubled with the Faſhions,
Not caring how you do your ſelues diſguiſe,
In ſinfull ſhameles, Hels abhominations.
You whom the Deuill (Prides father) doth perſwade
To paint your face, & mende the worke God made.

You with the Hood, the Falling-band, and Ruffe,
The Moncky-waſt, the breeching like a Beare:
The Perriwig, the Maske, the Fanne, the Muffe,
The Bodkin, and the Buſſard in your heare:
You Veluet-cambricke-filken-feather'd toy,
That with your pride, do all the world annoy.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Odious

Odious Quarreler.

YOu Sir, that are ſo quarrelous by nature,
That you ſcorne all men, be they what they will:
Tearming each one a cowardly baſe creature,
That will not ſweare and curſe, ſtab, fight, and kill.
You that will challenge any to the feelde,
Vowing while you can ſtand, neuer to yeelde.

You that without any offence at all,
Will ſhoulder him you meete vpon the way.
You that (by wounds and blood) will haue the wall,
Eu'en in deſpight of him that dare ſay nay.
You that inhumane, brutiſh, moſt vncyuill,
Profeſſe your ſelfe a Champion for the Deuill.

Ile Stabbe you.

Disloyall Traytor.

FAlſe harted Traytor, bred of *Iudas* kinde,
Sent from the Furies, about Helles affayres:
That vnto miſchiefe wholy art inclin'd,
And neither for thy ſoule nor body cares:
Thou that with *Sinon* wiſheſt *Troy* might burne,
To ſerue and fit the Deuill, thy Maiſters turne.

Thou that doeſt plot and practiſe gainſt the ſtate,
And Gods Annoynted dar'ſt with treaſon touch.
Thou that can'ſt to thy Soueraigne be ingrate,
Whom thou art dearely bound to honour much:
Ile fyle no handes vpon thee; I abhorre thee,
But Ile giue order to the Hangman for-thee.

Filthy

Filthy Pander.

YOu ſcuruie fellow, in the Brokers ſuite,
A Satin Doublet, fac'd with Greace and Ale,
That of the art of Bawdry can'ſt diſpute,
To picke a lyuing from a damn'd Whores tayle,
Thou that within thy Table haſt ſet downe,
The names of all the *Squirils* in the towne.

Thou that can'ſt holde a Fanne, and keepe a Dore,
And offer any Conſtable the ſtabbe:
Thou that about the ſtreetes can'ſt walke a Whore,
And bring her vnto him that wantes a Drabbe,
Thou that art out-ſide horned like an Oxe,
Thy in-ſide all *Tabacco*, and the Poxe.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Leaſe-mongers.

REnt-rayſing raſcals, you that care not how
You do exact vpon the needy wretch,
That liue euen on the poore mans ſweating brow,
And from his painefull toyle, your ryches fetch:
Early and late, his labours all are ſpent,
To pay a churliſh dogged *Naball* rent.

You whom the *Prophet* curſeth with a woe,
Houſe-mongers, that on earth would euer dwell:
Grinding the poore, as their diſtreſſes ſhoe:
And at the price of old Shooes do them ſell.
You that of Earth enough will neuer haue,
Till ſoule in Hell, and body in the graue.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Adui-

Adulterer.

THou filthy fellow of a beaſtly life,
Poluted both in body, and in minde:
That breakeſt wedlocke with thy lawfull wife,
And think'ſt all's well, if thou the world canſt blinde.
Tut, Death ha's worke enough with other men,
Heele come when th'art an old man; God knowes (when.

Tell thee of Iudgement, or of Gods diſpleaſure,
Why, thou wilt anſwere, He hath grace in ſtore:
And for Repentance, thou wilt finde ſome leaſure,
When Age will let thee follow Whores no more.
Thou that wilt ſerue the Deuill with the beſt,
And turne God to his leauings, and the reſt.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Idle-huſwife.

Fine, neate, and curious miſtris Butter flie,
The Idle-toy to pleaſe an Idiots eye
You that wiſh all Good-huſwiues hang'd for why,
Your dayes work's done each morning whē you riſe
Put on your Gowne, your Ruffe, your Maſske, your (Chaine
Then dine &ſup,& go to bed againe.

You that will call your Husband Gull & Clowne,
If he refuſe to let you haue your will:
You that will poute and lowere, and fret and frowne
Vnleſſe his purſe be lauiſh open ſtill.
You that will haue it, get it how he can,
Or he ſhall weare a *Vulcans* brow, poore man.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Prodigall

Prodigall Gallant.

YOu Sir that haue your purſe cram'd full of crownes
The liuely picture of the Prodigall: (woundes
That hane your mouth furniſh'd with blood and
And come in whores, Wine, Fidlers: you'le pay all,
You that are like the *Dwarfe* in *Athens*, right,
Who in fiue dayes, ſpent's Patrimony quite.

You that are churched once in ſeuen yeere,
But in a Tauerne you could liue and die:
You that haue your Ioy in Belly-cheere,
In Dice, in Dauncing, and in Venerie.
You that for pennance of your paſſed ſinne,
In *Woodſtreete*, or the *Poultry*, meane to Inne:

Ile Stabbe thee.

Gluttone.

YOu goodman Glutton, bellyed like a Butt,
Fac'd like the North-windes-picture in a Map:
Thou with the neuer satisfied gutt,
VVhose life is eate, and drinke, and take a nap.
Thou that if *Wolner* were alive againe,
VVould'st eate more at a meale, then he in twaine.

Thou most vnhealthy lothsome rauenous beast;
That tak'st delight in nothing but excesse:
And hast a nose to smell out any Feast:
A brazen face to ceaze on euery messe,
That vndertakest nothing with good-will,
Vnlesse it be thy Pudding-house to fill.

Ile Stabbe thee.

Sooth-

Sooth-sayer, or Figure-flinger.

YOu Cunning man, or rather cosning Knaue,
That will tell good-man *Ninney* of his Mare:
Cysley, how many Husbandes she shall haue,
Tom Carter, when the weather will be faire:
My neighbour *Powling*, who hath found his Purse,
And *Ione* his wife, who did her Chickens curse.

Whether a man shall haue a happy life,
Whether a Louer shall his Loue enioy:
Who shall die first, the husband or the wife?
Whether the childe vnborne, be girle or boy?
You that can fetch home Seruantes runne away,
And finde out any Cattle gone astray.

Ile Stabbe yee.

My fine Dauncer.

HEigh, w'on turne more, let's ſee this Galliard out,
I promiſe you the fellow doth it well:
How nimbly at his trade he turnes about,
At hopping vp and downe he doth excell:
Well, let him daunce it out, and when tis done,
A daunce twixt him and Death muſt be begun.

You nimble skipiacke, turning on the toe,
As though you had Gun-pouder in your tayle:
You that do leape about and caper ſoe,
Eſteeming our old Country Daunces ſtale,
You that do liue by ſhaking of the heele,
By hopping, and by turning like a wheele.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Jeffery

Ieffery Make-shift.

SHifter, that liues without a lawfull calling,
And onely baſeneſſe with your humor fittes,
That cares not in what myſchefe you are falling,
But make an occupation of your wittes:
You that haue alwayes cheating Dice in ſtore,
With, *Come ſweete Fiue*, I holde yee ſixe to foure.

You that can cunningly in Cookes ſhops brawle,
And ſhew your ſelfe in Chollers mighty heate:
while your Conſort ſteales Victuals from the ſtall,
To finde your poore and needy ſtomacke meate.
You that for all your diet with your Hoaſt,
Do ſet your hand in Chalke vnto his Poaſt.

Ile Stabbe you.

Spend-thriftes,
and ill Husbandes.

YOu careleſſe wretches of the waſtfull vaine,
That for your Families will not prouide:
But liue in Idleneſſe, and take no paine,
Spending your owne, and other mens beſide:
That wife and children vtterly neglect,
And to your ſeruantes neuer haue reſpect.

You that do wiſh them hang'd, will purchaſe landes,
Tearming him that ſpares Mony, worſe then madde:
You that commit your Stocke to Vitlers handes,
With Tuſh, a merry Hart outliues a ſadde.
You that are a good fellow to your friende,
Druncke from the weekes beginning to the ende.

Ile Stabbe yee.

Haue

Haue at you all to ſtabbe and kill,
There flies my Dart, light where it will.

HEe that will take no warning, let him chuſe,
Few wordes my maiſters, I intende to vſe:
My deede and word, togither alwayes goe,
I loue plaine dealing, you ſhall finde it ſo.
The *Stabbe* I promiſe, and the *Stabbe* Ile pay,
Your Hartes ſhall haue it, on their dying day.
But thinke that day is very long to come,
And you ſhall liue more yeeres then other ſome:
Thinke though your friendes and kindred dayly die,
You ſhall eſcape, your turne is nothing nie:
Put my remembrance farre out of your minde,
For wicked men no hope in *Death* can finde:
They thinke vpon me with a cruell feare,
They quake, and tremble, when my name they heare.
I bring but heauie newes, their ſoules to greeue,
Yet till I come, they will it not beleeue.

Hee that hath health and eaſe, with gould ſtor'd ſtill,
And here in's life did good, nor neuer will,
Tell him of *Death*, of *Iudgement*, and the *Graue*,
And what reward in *Hell*, the wicked haue;
That very ſhortly he ſhall not be heere, (cheere,
That with his fleſh the Wormes ſhall make good-
That other men his hoarded goodes ſhall ſhare,
That hence he muſt depart, poore, naked, bare:
That earth's delightes ſhall be of no eſteeme,
That all the world cannot a Soule redeeme:
That *Dines* begg's for drops, where torments dwell,
That there's no comfort to be had in *Hel*.
That they which haue done good, to *Heau'n* ſhall go
That they which haue done ill, to endles wo.
His blockiſh *Sences*, worldes conceites ſo ſmother,
It enters one eare, and goes out at tother.
Therefore let him that will hold on his courſe,
Goe on in euill, and be worſe and worſe:
Tis nothing vnto mee, if heele not mende,
Ile Stabbe him for the Deuill, there's an ende,
Drinke and be merry as good fellowes do,

And

And if you pleaſe you may be drunken too,
Carouſe your drunkardes health's from day to day,
Till I, and Sickneſſe, take your health away.
Sweare and blaſpheme Gods ſacred holy name,
And take delight in doing of the ſame.
Thunder out Oathes, ſuch as in Hell are bred,
Vntill I teare thy tongue out of thy head.
Beare thy ſelfe proude, as loftie as thou can,
Diſpiſe the poore, diſdaine an humble man,
Boaſt of thy ſtore of wealth, thy worldly wit,
Ile turne thy fleſh and bones to rot for it.
Mallice thy neighbour, cauſe thou ſee'ſt him thriue,
And for to get away his lyuing, ſtriue.
Vndoe him if thou can'ſt, and for that ſinne,
Ile leaue thee but a Clout to wrap thee in.
Rayſe Rentes apace, builde Houſes, purchaſe Landes,
Be alwayes raking with Oppreſsins handes.
Thinke all is lawfull purchaſe, thou can'ſt catch
from thy diſtreſſed friendles needy wretch.
Buye thy poore neighbours Houſe ouer his head,
Turne him and's children out to begge their bread.

Deale cruelly with thoſe are in thy debt,
And let them at thy handes no fauour get.
Send them to Priſon; there in all diſtreſſe,
To taſte the mercie of the mercileſſe.
Ile ſhackle thee, for ſtirring handes or feete
Within a Coffin and a Winding-ſheete.
Say to thy ſelfe, as once the Churle did ſay,
(Whoſe ſoule the Deuill fetch'd that night away)
For many yeeres, much goodes thou haſt in ſtore,
Eate, drinke, be merry: take delight therefore:
Exclude all Pittie, Conſcience, and Remorce.
Get Goodes it skils not how, by fraude or force,
Ile come vpon thee, when thou thinkeſt leaſt,
And thou ſhalt die, as thou did'ſt liue, a Beaſt.
Diſſemble cunning, do it with a grace:
Giue all kind wordes before thy neighbours face.
Proteſt thy kindneſſe he ſhall neuer lacke:
Yet hang him (if thou can'ſt) behind his backe.
Flatter, and fawne: with falſhood pray vpon him:
Beſtow the courtecie of *Iudas* on-him:
Of all thy villany I keepe a ſcore,

Ere

Ere long thou ſhalt deceiue the world no more.
Be a Time-ſeruer; liue as others doo:
With ſome prophane, with ſome religious too:
Yet howſoeuer thou haſt done, or ſpoke,
Let thy Religion ſerue but as a cloke.
Thinke th'art a man from whom much wiſedome flowes,
If thou can'ſt blinde the eyes of men with ſhowes.
To get thy ſelfe Gods curſe, with worldlings prayſe,
Why, t'is a ſinne moſt common now adayes.
Looke to it Wretch, as ſure as Death; ſo ſure,
An euerlaſting Hell, thou ſhalt endure.
Striue and contende, reuenge the leaſt offence:
Threaten by Law: vrge to extreame expence.
Spende many a pound, in quarrell of a penny,
And be it right or wrong, yeeld not to any.
Let no man haue the ending of thy cauſe,
But onely Lawyers; try it by the Lawes.
Ile Stabbe thee foole; there's no Atturnyes fee
Can finde out Law to be reueng'd on mee.
Builde ſumtuous Houſes, tytle them thine owne:
Make wrong pay-maiſter for the wood and ſtone.

Let thy Wiues pride, be all thy Tennants woe,
Becauſe the Deuill and ſhee, will haue it ſo.
Hood-her, and Mask-her; Fanne her with a Feather;
Let Vanitie and Lightneſſe, go together.
Vpon the pleaſure of thy Hawkes and Houndes
Waſte it away moſt prodigall, by poundes.
Be bountifull in ſpending on a Whore,
And myſerable to relieue the poore.
Feaſte euery day, as once the *Glutton* did,
And none but Gluttons to thy Banquets bid.
Receiue thy foode, as Beaſtes do feede on Graſſe.
Sit downe like th'Oxe, and riſe as doth the Aſſe,
Steale Gods good guiftes, and neuer vſe his name,
Vnleſſe in ſwearing, to abuſe the ſame.
Liue as thou liſt: but for thy time ſo ſpent,
By me to Iudgement, hence thou ſhalt be ſent.
And this reſolue, howeuer Sinne doth blind-thee,
Eu'en as *Death* leaues thee, ſo ſhal *Iudgement* find-thee

FINIS.

Deathes Epitaph,

vpon euery mans Graue.

BEhold the ſtate of all the Sonne of Men,
That liue to die, and die they know not when:
How Flowerlike they wither and decay;
How ſoone Deaths *Sith doth mow them downe like Hay.*
How vaine a thing of all thinges els, is Man,
How ſhort his life is meaſur'd out a ſpan:
How he is borne with teares, brought vp in paine,
And how with ſighes, he leaues the world againe.

FINIS.

S. R.